

Wishing for Reality

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Summary: What happened just prior to the last two scenes of "Je Souhaite." A vignette of sorts.

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> <meta name="GENERATOR"> Disclaimer:

Disclaimer: I am no Chris Carter. I don't pretend to be Chris Carter. My boyfriend would probably be really upset if I became Chris Carter.

> Spoilers: Je souhaite. If you didn't see that episode, this makes 'rien' in the sense department.
 Rating: G. There's nothing in it. It really barely counts as a story.
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> "Yeah, I'm ready."
 "Okay, so what's your wish?"
> Mulder looked Jenn over carefully. She was beautiful, in a very Gothic sense. And her hair cut reminded him of Scully.
 "Now, I have to hash out the details, so bear with me."
> "Take your time; I've got awhile." She said, leaning up against the filing cabinet.
 "I'm going to be selfish here. I wish I wish that my feelings for Dana Scully were reciprocated and that you could get us started on our way to a normal, healthy, life-long relationship."

> Jenn started to laugh, a pleasant, if a bit loud, noise. Mulder's brow furrowed and he frowned a little. "What? What's so funny?"
 "First of all," she said, trying to stop her laughter, "that's technically two wishes. And secondly, I can't do it."
> "What? What do you mean you can't do it? Aren't you a genie? Can't you grant me any wish?"
 "Well, yes, but I can't write over feelings that are already there."
> "What?" Mulder stared at her blankly; he was still very confused.
 Jenn sighed. "Look, she loves you, all right? Your wish

is redundant; there's no need for it."
> Mulder's jaw dropped a few inches and he blinked slowly several times. "She loves me?"
 Jenn rolled her eyes. "Yeah, not that it wasn't obvious to everyone in the world."
> He frowned again. "Well then, why can't you give me the second part of my wish?"
 "You have the ability to do it; the will power is there. So I can't give to you what you already have."
> Mulder nodded a little. Then a smile crept over his face. "All right, then I know what I'm going to wish for."

> "Movie and beer?"
 "Sure, why not? I mean, it's a Friday night and, unless you have a date"
> Scully's voice indicated she had raised an eyebrow. "Mulder, we've been working together for seven years; how many dates have I been on?"
 "Well, you are the more social of the two."
> "No, Mulder, I don't have a date."
 "You do now," he said playfully.
> "I'll see you at 9, Mulder."
 "Bye Scully."

End
file.